BANGOR DAILY WHIG AND COURIER.

BY BOUTELLE & BURR. SINGLE COPY, THREE CENTS. BANGOR, ME SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1890. VOL. LVII.—NUMBER 129.

Lawn Mowers.

Lightest draft, easiest running. Warranted best Lawn Mower made, in EVERY PARTICULAR. Also, second-hand mowers. Prices $2.00 to $10 each.

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"A YOUNG WOMAN AT FIFTY,"

Or, as the world expresses it, "a well-preserved woman." One who, understanding the rules of health, has followed them, and preserved her youthful appearance. Mrs. Pinkham has many correspondents who, through her advice and care, can look with satisfaction in their mirrors.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound goes to the root of all female complaints, renews the waning vitality, and invigorates the entire system. A different woman at middle age know well its wonderful powers.

All Druggists sell it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Beauty." Female Pills, $1.00 per box.

Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

"FOR LATEST DESPATCHES SEE THIRD PAGE."

BY TELEGRAPH.

BOWDOIN WINS.

The Maine Boys Outrow the Boston Crew by Fine Work.

BOSTON, May 30. The race between the Bowdoin College eight and the Boston Athletic Club eight on the Charles river to-day was won by the Bowdoins by one and a half lengths. The race was a spirited and exciting one throughout, and was witnessed by a large number of people from the banks of the river and from all kinds of craft in the course.

Both took water at the same time, making a very pretty start. The Athletics forged slightly ahead and led for the first half mile when the Bowdoins made a magnificent spurt and sent their boat ahead, pulling 43 strokes per minute. The lead thus gained was maintained by fine work and gradually increased until the finish.

The excellent form and rowing of the Bowdoins caused much favorable comment. The distance was 1¾ miles; Bowdoin's time, 10.43.15. Otis of the Boston Athletics fainted at the finish and Gilley of the Bowdoins became exhausted just as the race was ended.

FROM FAIRFIELD.

A Serious Accident in a Mill.

FAIRFIELD, May 30. Alphonso Cole, at work in the Shawmut pulp mill, was caught between a belt and pulley, taking him over the shaft and throwing him ten feet below. His ankle was crushed and he sustained severe injuries.

Mortuary.

Mrs. Abbie Morse, landlady of the Hotel Morse, was brought home from the Maine general hospital a few week ago where she had a cancer removed. She died today.

WILD COUNTRY.

Quarrel with a Fatal Ending.

KINGFISHER, Oklahoma, May 30. Last night while the streets were throbbed with people who had been to the reception of Governor Steele, who is making a tour of the territory, Joe Walsh and John A. McNeal became engaged in a quarrel over a disputed claim. Walsh was armed with a Winchester rifle and with it he shot and killed his antagonist. The tragedy was witnessed by hundreds of people.

OUT OF REVENGE.

Contemptible Act of a Contemptible Man.

NEW YORK, May 30. A special from St. Louis says that Henry Hofinsin, a discharged employe, has been arrested and confessed that he set fire to the Laclede flour mills, which were entirely burned yesterday. His motive was revenge. The loss is $75,000 and is total, as the insurance policy lapsed a few days ago.

MADE A HAUL.

Burglars at Work at Ashland, N. H.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., May 30. The drug store of A. E. Porter, at Ashland, N. H., was entered by burglars last night and about $600 worth of stock stolen.

AMERICA WINS.

Pettit Wins the Tennis Match.

DUBLIN, May 30. The final sets in the court tennis match between Thomas Pettit of Boston and Charles Saunders of England, took place in this city today and the match was won by Pettit.

SILVER CONVENTION

Resolutions in Favor of Free Coinage Adopted.

CARSON, Nev., May 30. The free coinage convention met here yesterday and adopted resolutions requesting the Senators and Representatives in Congress from Nevada to favor a measure for the opening of the mints of the United States for the free and unlimited coinage of standard silver dollars and to support no other bill. Another resolution was adopted disclaiming any connection with policies on the part of the convention.

SAYS HE IS INSANE.

Zachary Taylor Applies to be Committed.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 30. Zachary Taylor, grand nephew of the President of that name, applied to the Circuit Court yesterday to be judged insane and committed to the asylum. The judge denied the petition on the ground that it was signed and sworn to by Taylor himself, who had once before been adjudged insane and was therefore not responsible for the costs of these proceedings.

BRUTAL WHIPPING.

A Teacher Who Deserves a Good Lashing.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 30. Joe Gebhart, a young boy, was so severely punished a week ago at the Davenport school that it brought on epilepsy from which he died yesterday. He had been subject to fits and beside had a rupture, but this was evidently unknown to Principal Lewis, who did the whipping, and his physical condition was such that the whipping superinduced epilepsy which caused his death. Complaint has been made to the Board of Education. The coroner and medical examiner are investigating the case. The whipping was very severe for the body still bears the marks of the lash. In performing the castigation Principal Lewis stepped Gebhart to a bench and during the proceedings the bench fell over.

A GRAND RAID

On Canadian Lines which are Taking Away Trade.

NEW YORK, May 30. A Washington special says that Senator Cullom's resolution, designed to bring out information concerning the trans-shipment of freight from Vancouver, is thought by railroad men to be the beginning of a grand raid of the American lines on the Canadian roads. The Canadians are getting away the American trade and are hurting the lower lake ports. All trunk lines are to be enlisted in the war on the Canadian roads.

A WALK AROUND.

Schaeffer has a Fleeing.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30. Jacob Schaefer defeated J. B. F. McCleery, of San Francisco, last night in a match game of straight rail billiards for 2,000 points, 1,000 points per night, for $2,500 a side, Schaefer discounting McCleery. The former in a few shots got the balls on the rail and carried them around the table four times, only stopping when he had made 1,000 points, and leaving the balls together in the rail. McCleery had made only fifteen points.

RAILROAD NEWS.

Annual Meeting of the Maine Central.

MANCHESTER, N. H., May 30. The annual meeting of the Maine Central Railroad was held here today and the following directors were elected: [illegible]

"I have been suffering with a cough some four years, and have tried several medicines for its relief, but have never found anything to benefit me so essentially as your Throat and Lung Specific. It has also given signal relief to my wife and several of my neighbors and friends. I consider the best cough medicine I have ever known, and, as an honest man, would recommend it to all those suffering with Throat and Lung disease." WARREN WILEY, Waterfield, Mass.

Croup, which is a painful and dangerous disease common to children, may be relieved in three minutes, and cured in a short time, by using

Tuttle's Specific.

LOWELL, MASS., Oct. 20, 1887.

DR. TUTTLE:—Several years ago, I was very sick with severe bronchial difficulty. Through the persuasion of a friend, and with the consent of my physician, I purchased a bottle Imperial Throat and Lung Specific. In a short time my throat became less inflamed, and my cough loosened. I continued the use of your medicine, but after using six bottles I was pronounced cured, and have ever since had no trouble. I heartily recommend it to any one afflicted with any throat trouble. Yours truly, L. E. BROWN.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO'S. KETTLE RENDERED LEAF LARD

PUT UP EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE in 3, 5, and 10 lb. pails and 10 lb. tubs; also PURE LARD in the tierces, barrel, half barrels and tubs; is for sale by every first-class grocer and provision dealer, and rendered by us in tierces from all Cotton Seed Oil, Tallow, Suet, and other adulterations so commonly used, and WARRANTED STRICTLY PURE. None genuine without our name stamped upon the package.

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JOHN H. VOSE, EASTERN AGENT, PORTLAND, MAINE. may 29 d&w1y3

WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

Cures all Diseases.

Send for our pamphlet, giving a history of Microbes, how they enter the system, cause disease and suffering, and how they can be eradicated. Microbe Killer is the only known remedy that arrests fermentation and destroys germs. It cleanses the blood, purifies the system, and gives clear life and strength. Book mailed free on application.

THE WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO., 7 Leight Street, NEW YORK CITY.

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BUSINESS Educations

SHAW'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Portland, Me. Open the entire year. Is the only one in New England which has its Theory and Practice in separate apartments, conducts a Ladies' Department and refunds a large payment in advance. Send for Catalogue. F. L. SHAW, Principal. may31 d&w3m

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

EXAMINATIONS for admission to College will be held at the Chickering Lecture Room, Mason Hall, on FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, June 20 and 21, and on FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, June 27 and 28, beginning each day at 8 a.m. All candidates must be present on the morning.

WILLIAM DEW HYDE, President. Brunswick, May 24th, 1890. may26 d&w

Shorthand and Typewriting.

Thoroughly taught. Day and evening session. Rooms 5, 6, 7 Exchange Block, over Valuta Bank. A. R. MANCHESTER.

J. F. GERRITY & CO.

THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

Imposing Ceremonies and impressive Dedication at Cleveland.

Distinguished Gathering Does Homage to the Memory of the Martyred President.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 30. The Garfield Memorial in Lake View Cemetery was dedicated to-day with imposing ceremonies in the presence of the President of the United States, members of his Cabinet and distinguished men from all parts of the country. The memorial is a colossal structure, towering 165 feet above an eminence in the cemetery which overlooks the city and surrounding country. The edifice cost $350,000, of which amount one-half was contributed by the people of Cleveland, the remainder coming from every State and Territory in the Union and from many foreign lands.

The exercises of to-day began with a parade of military and civic societies, the procession forming in the centre of the city and moving to the cemetery, a distance of five miles. The city is filled with strangers and thousands of people lined Euclid avenue and flocked in from the intersecting streets long before the hour for the procession to move.

The Decorations

along the line of march, and all over the city for that matter, were the finest ever seen here.

The procession moved at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Gen. James Barnet was chief marshal. A vast concourse of people had preceded the procession to the cemetery, and when the exercises began there were thousands congregated about the grand stand that had been erected and on which were seated the distinguished guests. Ex-President Hayes, President of the Memorial Association, presided and delivered an eloquent address.

After prayer by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Leonard, ex-Gov. Jacob D. Cox, of Cincinnati, delivered the oration of the day. In closing he said:

"And so men of all parties have united to build this memorial and to place this statue upon its pedestal to commemorate these virtues and services. The good, the great, the strong, the

Wise and the Patriotic

were all so abundant in him, that out of them the young of coming generations may construct an ideal on which to mould themselves!

"The people of the land, far and near are at this every hour decorating the graves of their fellow, patriots and heroes with affectionate and heartfelt love. Our task is a part of theirs. We join our country men in this loving duty."

The Hallelujah chorus by Handel was next sung after which President Harrison, Vice President Morton, members and ex-members of the cabinet, the general of the army and the governor of Ohio were presented. President Harrison then addressed the assemblage. "O Weep for the Brave," was then sung by the memorial chorus. This was followed by brief ceremonies by the Knights Templar after which the doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced. This followed impressive service by the Knights Templar which closed the exercises.

HARD FALL.

Man Severely Injured at Franklin Falls.

FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H., May 30. Albert Thompson fell from an abutment of the Franklin and Tilton railroad at the Prospect street crossing, twenty feet on to a pile of stones, dislocating his shoulder and rendering him unconscious, to-day.

NO SETTLEMENT

In the Case of Quebec Lumber Dealers.

QUEBEC, May 30. No settlement has yet been made in the case of Smith, Wade & Co., lumber merchants, before reported in financial difficulties. There is no truth in the rumor that the firm has assigned and no receiver has been appointed. On the contrary the prospects for settlement are very fair.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Rev. Sewall Browne, of Old Town, was in the city yesterday forenoon on business.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Sweet, of Portland, are visiting friends in this city for a few days.

Major John L. Parker arrived in the city yesterday morning and stopped at the Bangor House.

Gen. Charles Hamlin left yesterday for Castine, where he was to deliver the Memorial Day oration.

Mr. Herbert V. Foss left yesterday for Lewiston to witness the ball game to be played there in the afternoon.

Several of the boarders and guests at the Jerrard formed a pleasant party yesterday and took a buckboard ride to Black Cap.

Yesterday morning the early train into the city from the west had three Pullman sleeping cars attached, all full and the passengers bound for this city.

Mrs. Byron V. Tapley, of St. John, N. B., is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. H. Brown, in Old Town, and her brother, Mr. A. B. Libbey, in Milford. She will visit other friends before her return.

Yesterday morning was a mile-stone in straw-hat wear, many coming into the city on top of loads of hay and other produce, and many going out of town on top of loads of something very different.

It has been remarked that strawberries are remarkably cheap for this time of the year. One of the dealers tell us that at this season last year they retailed for 12 cents per box and that the indications are that all kinds of berries will be higher this year.

It has been asked severe times, why don't the steamboat and car companies have offices in the business part of the city where one can obtain tickets without having to go to the Maine Central depot or the steamboat wharves, in case they are in search of information or wish to get a ticket the day before and avoid a rush. In places not as large as Bangor they have up-town offices and it would save many a person a long walk, and prove a great convenience if they would have them here.

Albert H. Bears, who graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary in 1886, died in Fruita, Col., May 13, aged thirty-one years. He had long been struggling with a lung trouble, and was able to do only light work, but that he did most faithfully. While he was about to start for Montrose, a neighboring town, to aid in organizing an Association, he had died, and unhitched his horse, designing to call and take his mother with him, when he had an attack of hemorrhage and fell, dying almost instantly. After leaving the Seminary, he

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Eloquent Oration at Mt. Hope

By Major John L. Parker, of Lynn.

Following is the full text of the eloquent oration delivered at Mt. Hope, Friday, by Major John L. Parker, of Lynn.

Comrades and Friends:

The years on their never-ending "Grand-Rounds" have brought us again to this garden of the dead. Once more we are assembled to pay fitting tribute to those who have been mustered out of the Grand Army of the living into the Loyal Legion of the Immortals. Here rest in peaceful repose the men you knew and loved—the men who loved their country—who suffered in her sacred cause—who laid down their lives in her behalf. Some are here whose names recall high service, whose special deeds of valor and responsibility are recorded on the storied page of fame. And some there be who are only known to comrades, and yet whose courage was as firm, whose loyalty was as true, whose patriotism was as unyielding that w thout them battles could not be fought nor victories won.

The commander at whose voice legions sprang to arms, and at whose gesture armies moved but battles were stayed, has high meed of praise for all of his achievements. No less worthy though rarely noticed is the private soldier who made the "thinking bayonet" of the American volunteer the wonder of the world. As they marched together through the streets of Washington in the grand review at the close of the war half Nations were widely separated and the honors unequally distributed. And so it has continued through all the years that have followed until each has passed the portals of the realm of the silent and taken his place with the dead. Then rank disappears and the loyal soul, without regard to military title, receives the plaudit which he bravely earned because he did his duty. The immortal Grant, the beloved Sheridan, the noble-hearted Logan, the true-hearted Meade, the impetuous Hooker, and all the long and cherished list of honored leaders could do no more than their duty. With them stands to-day the humble private who did no less than his duty.

Here in this hallowed place the heroes are reposing. Nightly have "the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky," and like camp fires on the eternal plains of glory have shed a rich effulgence on the humble mounds which mark the final bivouac of the soldier of the Union. The pale moon, into his face the wounded soldier looked for sympathy because her rays also lighted up his distant home, has bathed in soft tints the lowly bed of each slumbering comrade. The orb of day mounting high in the Heavens has daily passed onward in his course, unable with his fiercest rays to pierce the icy covering of death which holds them in his cold embrace. The winds of Heaven with their sweet notes of pleasure and their loud bugle tones of duty have alike been unheeded. The sweet flowers have come and gone with their fragrance and their beauty, without a token of recognition.

The camp has been enlarged since you mustered here twelve months ago. Many a noble heart who last year wore the veteran blue and proudly displayed the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, keeping step to the music of the Union as in days of yore, tenderly placing the flower of fraternity above the grave of loyalty—many such an one has passed on and we to-day have done him the honor he so long bestowed on those who had preceded him.

"To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year.
Everywhere their and eyes meet us;
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us
Every year.

"We are growing old, they tell us,
Every year;
We are more alone, they tell us,
Every year.
We can win no new affection,
We have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection
Every year.

"But the truer life grows nighier
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And its heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year."

We come to-day, bringing bright tokens of affection for the loved and lost. We strew blossoms on the graves and plant flowering shrubs which shall scatter gay petals on the green turf through all the summer hours. But what do we more than others? Following our example they have set in order the homes of their departed and have decked them with the choicest garlands of spring. The fragrance of their votive offerings like sweet incense is wafted heavenwards, telling of devotion and affection and making of the once repulsive church-yard a veritable garden of the departed. But there is one emblem that is ours alone. One flower we plant which resists the noonday glare, the pelting rain, the blinding snow, and the harsh northern blast. It blossoms all the year. Other graves may lose their individuality. Their flowers may droop and become repulsive long before the chilly winds of autumn scatter their faded leaves. But through all the seasons the eye of sympathy can at a glance determine

"Where sleep the brave who sank to rest
With all their country's honor blest."

No one is so careless or so unobservant that he does not know this hardy plant and understand that it marks a soldier's grave. It seems to name this lovely blossom—this emblem of loyalty which guards the little earthwork held by a patriot—the distinguishing badge of the dead defender of the Republic? It is the Star Spangled Banner, the flag of the free. Monumental art may pile her choicest marbles in mausoleums that shall challenge the admiration of all beholders. The sculptor with enraptured soul may release from its stony prison the lovely creature of his inspired fancy. They may adorn the spot sacred to the memory of the patriot hero, but beyond all and above all, nothing appeals so strongly to the heart of the true American as the little flag which flutters over the slumbering soldier. "Green be the turf above me," is the prayer of one who hopes to be remembered. "Keep the flag of my country waving over me," is the last request of the true defender of the Union.

Whence sprang this hardy plant? In what soil did it germinate and take root? Who watered and nourished it? What gardener watched its early development? The seed was brought to these shores by the devout passengers of the Mayflower. It was planted on Western soil rock-bound coast of Plymouth Bay. In spite of wintry weather; in spite of the sterile soil; in spite of savage hostility, it grew and flourished and spread all over the colony. It was watered by the blood of martyrs at Lexington, at Concord and at Bunker Hill. It was nourished by Putnam and Washington and Lincoln and Knox and all the heroes of the Revolution. It grew in beauty and in attractiveness under the fostering care of the gallant Perry on Lake Erie, of Scott at Lundy's Lane and Jackson at New Orleans. It rose in triumph above the walls of the Montezumas, and Mexico was taught to respect it by grand old "Rough-and-Ready" Zachary Taylor. Across the Rocky Mountains it was borne by Fremont the Pathfinder, and the setting sun as he disappeared in the far-off Pacific threw a softened halo upon the fair blossom which had thus spread from ocean to ocean and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. It withered on Southern traitor hands to root it from the soil where it had grown and flourished, but it emerged from the fearful struggle with no star obliterated, with no stripe erased, with no stain upon its pure white folds; but with a new star added for each loyal State, and with a new stripe for each rebellious one. Then it was that those who were far-seeing enough to accept it as a possibility, hoped that something would avert the actual shedding of blood. But it was not so to be. One April day a shot was fired at Fort Sumter, and in an instant war was upon us.

On every hill top in the loyal States and from every public building the Stars and Stripes appeared as if by magic. Every house flung out its flag, and any delay was liable to be misunderstood. Our land was transformed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from a stolid, hard-working, busy, common-place world, to a spirited, bustling, martial camp, every man a soldier, ready to shoulder his gun and march to the front, or to do his best to help off those who went, and to care for those who were left behind. That shot aimed at Fort Sumter struck every home in the North. The magic words, "They have fired upon our flag," sent the blood through loyal veins with a rush that put a new life into every soul, a new meaning to the expression "our flag." The starry banner suddenly became an object of beauty, an emblem for which one might hazard his life and accept the reward of martyrdom. To the standard they rallied from hamlet, village, town and city; from the farm, the workshop, the market, the school house, yes, and from the pulpit. No nation in the world ever saw such an uprising as marked the beginning of the great war of the rebellion. No nation ever marshalled such armies as took the field in defense of the Union. For four long years our soldiers followed the flag. For four long years our sailors nobly stood by their colors. When disaster came it encouraged the drooping spirit. When victory perched upon it the chivalrous soul was inspired with lofty emotion. On the weary march and on the bloody field, on the dull cruise and in the spirited engagement, the sight of the red, white and blue never failed to stir the blood of the true-hearted soldier and sailor. When at Appomattox the rebel flags bowed in submission to the flag of the Union, the joy of the veteran was full. But they could then march with head erect and with elastic step in the grand review of twenty-five years ago, bearing proudly aloft the stained and tattered banner. He could then turn his steps homeward and there surrender the sacred emblems entrusted to his care and resume his peaceful avocations beneath the shelter of holy protecting folds. I have heard it stated that the flags entrusted by the State of Maine to her regiments, not one was ever captured by the enemy or disgraced by its defenders. What nobler record could brave soldiers wish?

What would not a soldier do for his color? I have heard the story of a British color sergeant who was shot down and overrun by the enemy. As the staff was wrenched from his hands he seized in his mouth a corner of the flag and his teeth locked upon it in the rigidity of death. The enemy cut it away from him, leaving a bit of the precious banner between his set teeth. Subsequently the standard was re-taken, and ever since the flag of that regiment is made with that little piece carefully cut out, in memory of the sergeant who was buried with the fragment in his mouth. Every man who ever carried the colors can appreciate this incident, and the fierce valor of the dying British hero had many a counterpart in our war.

At Gaines' Mills the color bearer of the Twenty-second Massachusetts was shot when the enemy was right upon him. A corporal of the color guard picked up the flag and a rebel seized it at the same moment. One blow from the corporal settled the question of ownership and he bore the colors safely away, but to-day he carries an empty sleeve, under the shoulder knot of a captain in the regular army, as a proof of what his valor cost him and a partial reward for his courageous service.

It was my own hard fortune to remain on that bloody field, suffering from a painful wound, with the enemy between me and the dear old banner of my regiment. I had followed it from Hall's Hill, where some of you comrades of the Second Maine remember to have seen it. It was the first Union flag on the parapet at Yorktown. It was with you at Hanover Court House and at Mechanicsville. As I lay upon the ground and saw in the distance its silken folds shaken out, and the shattered line rally on the colors, hope rose high within me and I felt sure it would be borne forward and we who were prisoners would be re-taken, and the rebels driven back dismayed. But the task was not accomplished; it was impossible. Our comrades could only hold their new position. They could not recover that which had been lost. As the fading twilight shut from my tear-dimmed eyes the sight of the precious emblem marking the lines where my comrades were stubbornly stemming the rebel tide, it seemed to me that the night of death had darkened my stricken soul and "Hope for a season bade the world farewell."

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst in a recent discourse in New York City, declared that "It is as much a Christian's duty to love his country as his God. To an American the stars and stripes ought to be as much of his actual religion as the Sermon on the Mount." If all the clergymen in our land were imbued with this spirit, there need be no fear for the loyalty of the rising generation. The chaplain of the 120th of New York was of this stamp of Christian. At the second Hatcher's Run, in February, 1865, the Jersey Brigade was in line of battle in momentary expectation of an attack. The awful stillness that precedes a battle was having a depressing effect upon the veterans, and it was plainly evident that something must be done to revive their drooping spirits. The chaplain took in the situation at a glance and commenced to sing the "Battle Cry of Freedom." To those who heard him his voice seemed like that of an angel sent from heaven, and the whole brigade took up the chorus:

"Rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

Never before nor since did I hear that song sung as on that day. The shrinking dread of danger van shed, and in its place appeared the martial fire of the soldier, not only willing but anxious to meet the foe. And when that day was done, it was true that the men on that line had fought as they sang, and it had been, "down with the traitor and up with the stars." Prisoners captured in that battle confessed that when they heard the chorus which rose from loyal lips, in response to the chaplain's song, they felt that defeat was in store for them and the battle turned as they expected.

Had you been searching for a Union flag in the last year of the war you would hardly have looked for it in Libby prison. And yet it is related that the prisoners had one. It was not made of silk nor yet of bunting. It was not as large as a garrison flag, nor even a storm flag. It was smaller than a regimental color, but it was very precious. Contributions from the shirts of those who had them made the stars and stripes, and a bit of an overcoat furnished the blue, and skilful fingers wrought these strange materials together. When the work was done and the little flag completed, enthusiasm was raised to a lofty pitch. The hollow eyes grew bright and the poor hearts filled with joy as the precious bit of patchwork was held aloft. The prisoners sang and cheered till the rebel guards became alarmed. Although search was made for the cause of the jubilant outbreak it was not discovered, and the precious relic is preserved to this day as a trophy of Yankee ingenuity and the devotion of the Union soldier to his flag.

At the battle of Fredericksburg the First New Hampshire color sergeant was killed and the colors fell to the ground. The captain of the color company sprang to raise them and he shared the fate of his sergeant. His lieutenants attempted to lift the lowered standard and they also were shot. The rebel marksmen had the range and were determined to secure the fallen flag. But the colonel of the Fifth had sheltered behind the theatre close about them glory and renown. The victorious eagles of the Roman Empire spread their wings in every quarter of the then known world, and the soldiers of the Cæsars followed them with a devotion second only to that which they bestowed upon their gods. The Israelites who were led by the pillar of cloud by day and the flaming torch of heaven by night, out of the dreadful bondage of the Egyptian, followed the ark of the covenant wherever it went with a courage and devotion that swept away opposing forces like chaff before the breath of the tempest. The Moslem sees in the sacred emblem of the crescent a divine commission, and where that leads he follows, and woe to him who bars the way. The sacred cross of the Maltese knight led its devotees to the Holy Land and incited to deeds of daring which have never been excelled. The Cross of St. George brightens the eye of the Englishman in every portion of the globe. "The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," awakens in the breast of every son of Erin emotions which no other heart can so fully appreciate. The tricolor of France, the iron cross of Imperial Germany, the double-headed eagles of Austria and of Russia, the dragon of China, the white elephant of Siam, the armed lion of Persia and all the varied banners of the kingdoms of the earth, have to their people a beauty and a significance which men of other countries can neither share nor understand.

Look where you will, search where you may, scan carefully the flags of all other nationalities, and then tell me, if you can, where there is a more beautiful, a more expressive, a grander emblem of national unity and authority than our own Star Spangled Banner. The men who made this cherished symbol were divinely inspired. From heaven's arch they borrowed its azure field, on which they set the blazing stars of hope and freedom. With blood they striped the fold, that peace might not forget the price which patriots paid for it. And so we have our red, white and blue, Old Glory, the flag of the free! May the day never come when it shall cease to float over the land which first saw it flung to the breezes.

The flag which our sires waved at Bunker Hill displayed on its white field the pine tree which is now the symbol of the State of Maine. Each of the colonies had a distinguishing banner. They carried them through the Revolution, and some of them are related to this day. But there were men among the patriots in that first pitched battle of the Revolution who could look into the future and see in the years to come a union of the colonies and the need of a common emblem. The day after the battle Gen. Israel Putnam displayed in his headquarters a flag that was the embryo of our present banner. It must have caught the fancy of the Provincial soldiers for it was at once adopted, and when, a few weeks later, George Washington assumed command of the Continental forces beneath the spreading elm at Cambridge, the flag that was waved in honor of the occasion was the red, white and blue American banner. A year later the cross of St. George gave way to the starry field, and Old Glory as we behold it to-day, shone forth "the shrine of each patriot's devotion."

For one hundred and fourteen years this standard has led us along the path of glory and national prosperity. It has floated on every sea. It has gone farther to the icy north than any other national ensign. From the highest peaks of our lofty mountain ranges it has saluted the rising sun and waved a farewell as he did coast of Plymouth Bay. In spite of wintry weather; in spite of the sterile soil; in spite of savage hostility, it grew and flourished and spread all over the colony. It was watered by the blood of martyrs at Lexington, at Concord and at Bunker Hill. It was nourished by Putnam and Washington and Lincoln and Knox and all the heroes of the Revolution. It grew in beauty and in attractiveness under the fostering care of the gallant Perry on Lake Erie, of Scott at Lundy's Lane and Jackson at New Orleans. It rose in triumph above the halls of the Montezumas, and Mexico was taught to respect it by grand old "Rough-and-Ready" Zachary Taylor. Across the Rocky Mountains it was borne by Fremont the Pathfinder, and the setting sun as he disappeared in the far-off Pacific threw a softened halo upon the fair blossom which had thus spread from ocean to ocean and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. It withered on Southern traitor hands to root it from the soil where it had grown and flourished, but it emerged from the fearful struggle with no star obliterated, with no stripe erased, with no stain upon its pure white folds; but with a new star added for each loyal State, and with a new stripe for each rebellious one. Then it was that those who were far-seeing enough to accept it as a possibility, hoped that something would avert the actual shedding of blood. But it was not so to be. One April day a shot was fired at Fort Sumter, and in an instant war was upon us.

On every hill top in the loyal States and from every public building the Stars and Stripes appeared as if by magic. Every house flung out its flag, and any delay was liable to be misunderstood. Our land was transformed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from a stolid, hard-working, busy, common-place world, to a spirited, bustling, martial camp, every man a soldier, ready to shoulder his gun and march to the front, or to do his best to help off those who went, and to care for those who were left behind. That shot aimed at Fort Sumter struck every home in the North. The magic words, "They have fired upon our flag," sent the blood through loyal veins with a rush that put a new life into every soul, a new meaning to the expression "our flag." The starry banner suddenly became an object of beauty, an emblem for which one might hazard his life and accept the reward of martyrdom. To the standard they rallied from hamlet, village, town and city; from the farm, the workshop, the market, the school house, yes, and from the pulpit. No nation in the world ever saw such an uprising as marked the beginning of the great war of the rebellion. No nation ever marshalled such armies as took the field in defense of the Union. For four long years our soldiers followed the flag. For four long years our sailors nobly stood by their colors. When disaster came it encouraged the drooping spirit. When victory perched upon it the chivalrous soul was inspired with lofty emotion. On the weary march and on the bloody field, on the dull cruise and in the spirited engagement, the sight of the red, white and blue never failed to stir the blood of the true-hearted soldier and sailor. When at Appomattox the rebel flags bowed in submission to the flag of the Union, the joy of the veteran was full. But they could then march with head erect and with elastic step in the grand review of twenty-five years ago, bearing proudly aloft the stained and tattered banner. He could then turn his steps homeward and there surrender the sacred emblems entrusted to his care and resume his peaceful avocations beneath the shelter of holy protecting folds. I have heard it stated that all the flags entrusted by the State of Maine to her regiments, not one was ever captured by the enemy or disgraced by its defenders. What nobler record could brave soldiers wish?

What would not a soldier do for his color? I have heard the story of a British color sergeant who was shot down and overrun by the enemy. As the staff was wrenched from his hands he seized in his mouth a corner of the flag and his teeth locked upon it in the rigidity of death. The enemy cut it away from him, leaving a bit of the precious banner between his set teeth. Subsequently the standard was re-taken, and ever since the flag of that regiment is made with that little piece carefully cut out, in memory of the sergeant who was buried with the fragment in his mouth. Every man who ever carried the colors can appreciate this incident, and the fierce valor of the dying British hero had many a counterpart in our war.

At Gaines' Mills the color bearer of the Twenty-second Massachusetts was shot when the enemy was right upon him. A corporal of the color guard picked up the flag and a rebel seized it at the same moment. One blow from the corporal settled the question of ownership and he bore the colors safely away, but to-day he carries an empty sleeve, under the shoulder knot of a captain in the regular army, as a proof of what his valor cost him and a partial reward for his courageous service.

It was my own hard fortune to remain on that bloody field, suffering from a painful wound, with the enemy between me and the dear old banner of my regiment. I had followed it from Hall's Hill, where some of you comrades of the Second Maine remember to have seen it. It was the first Union flag on the parapet at Yorktown. It was with you at Hanover Court House and at Mechanicsville. As I lay upon the ground and saw in the distance its silken folds shaken out, and the shattered line rally on the colors, hope rose high within me and I felt sure it would be borne forward and we who were prisoners would be re-taken, and the rebels driven back dismayed. But the task was not accomplished; it was impossible. Our comrades could only hold their new position. They could not recover that which had been lost. As the fading twilight shut from my tear-dimmed eyes the sight of the precious emblem marking the lines where my comrades were stubbornly stemming the rebel tide, it seemed to me that the night of death had darkened my stricken soul and "Hope for a season bade the world farewell."

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst in a recent discourse in New York City, declared that "It is as much a Christian's duty to love his country as his God. To an American the stars and stripes ought to be as much of his actual religion as the Sermon on the Mount." If all the clergymen in our land were imbued with this spirit, there need be no fear for the loyalty of the rising generation. The chaplain of the 120th of New York was of this stamp of Christian. At the second Hatcher's Run, in February, 1865, the Jersey Brigade was in line of battle in momentary expectation of an attack. The awful stillness that precedes a battle was having a depressing effect upon the veterans, and it was plainly evident that something must be done to revive their drooping spirits. The chaplain took in the situation at a glance and commenced to sing the "Battle Cry of Freedom." To those who heard him his voice seemed like that of an angel sent from heaven, and the whole brigade took up the chorus:

"Rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

Never before nor since did I hear that song sung as on that day. The shrinking dread of danger van shed, and in its place appeared the martial fire of the soldier, not only willing but anxious to meet the foe. And when that day was done, it was true that the men on that line had fought as they sang, and it had been, "down with the traitor and up with the stars." Prisoners captured in that battle confessed that when they heard the chorus which rose from loyal lips, in response to the chaplain's song, they felt that defeat was in store for them and the battle turned as they expected.

Had you been searching for a Union flag in the last year of the war you would hardly have looked for it in Libby prison. And yet it is related that the prisoners had one. It was not made of silk nor yet of bunting. It was not as large as a garrison flag, nor even a storm flag. It was smaller than a regimental color, but it was very precious. Contributions from the shirts of those who had them made the stars and stripes, and a bit of an overcoat furnished the blue, and skilful fingers wrought these strange materials together. When the work was done and the little flag completed, enthusiasm was raised to a lofty pitch. The hollow eyes grew bright and the poor hearts filled with joy as the precious bit of patchwork was held aloft. The prisoners sang and cheered till the rebel guards became alarmed. Although search was made for the cause of the jubilant outbreak it was not discovered, and the precious relic is preserved to this day as a trophy of Yankee ingenuity and the devotion of the Union soldier to his flag.

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Whig and Courier.

BOUTELLE & BURR, PROPRIETORS.

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SATURDAY MAY 31, 1890.

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$5,000.

General Agents.

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BAKER'S GREAT AMERICAN SPECIFIC INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN.

TO LET.

A Cottage at Fort Point.

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ALFRED JONES' SONS,

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Wanted, Lost, Found, To Let, Etc.

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TEA WHITE'S.

Large Newsboo Stand.

Entertainments.

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MISS DORA WILEY, THE SWEET SINGER OF MAINE.

Monday, June 2d,

Finest Comedians, Finest Dancers, Finest Specialties, Prettiest Girls, Prettiest Costumes, Prettiest Scenery.

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Green Stuff.

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Combination of Twelve Great and Famous Shows, Triple Circus, Double Menagerie, Roman Hippodrome, Modern Hippodrome, Museum of Wonders, Double Spectacular Pantomime, Aviary, and Deep Sea Aquarium.

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BANGOR, Saturday, June 7

Monday, June 9.

OLD TOWN, Tuesday, June 10.

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PURE Maple Syrup,

SWEET CORN,

ONLY 10 CENTS A CAN.

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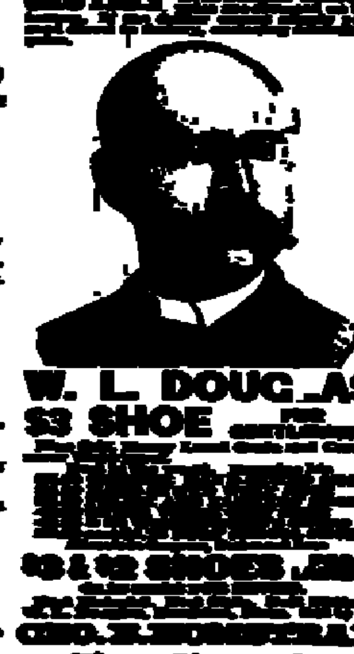
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE

GRANITE.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890.

BY TELEGRAPH.

MAINE NEWS.

MEMORIAL DAY

Impressively and Appropriately Observed in Maine.

Lewiston, May 30. The usual Memorial Day exercises were held in Lewiston and Auburn to-day. Prof. W. W. Stetson delivered the oration in Auburn and Col. C. P. Mattocks, of Portland, at City Hall, Lewiston.

The Day in Portland

Portland, May 30. The Memorial Day exercises consisted of decorating all the soldiers' graves in all the cemeteries in the forenoon. In the afternoon a procession...

A COSTLY SPORT

Boothbay Harbor, May 30. The schooner yacht Dorothy L. and the sloops Tempus, Commodore, Dr. Legg, and Vim Commodore, Owen, ... of the Portland Yacht Club, ... the sloops Belle and Gemma are on the way.

OARS AND PADDLES.

Won by the Bowdoin Crew

Boston, May 30. In the eight oared race, which was rowed on the Charles River to-day by the Bowdoin College and Boston Athletic Club crews and won by the former, the prizes were a banner offered by the Bowdoin alumni and cups given by the Boston Athletic Club.

FIRE RECORD

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